

the
Omen

{volume 27
{issue 5}

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for the fifth issue in the 27th Volume of the Omen on November the 10th in 2006, the year of our Lord.

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

"Are Coco Puffs, like, African Kix?
-Keegan Kuvach, on cereal

Front Cover:
Molly McLeod

Back Cover:
Andrew Flanagan

October 27th, 2006

EDITORIAL

Punk Rock Baby

Up came the bottle of smoke

Twenty fucking five to one

("Dad, he said it again!")

Me gambling days are done

I bet on a horse called the bottle of smoke

And my horse won

personal poet.

I discovered the air guitar. I discovered the windmill. Air windmill of course. Despite saying I should learn for the past 9 years, I haven't managed to learn guitar. I can play a few chords (A, C, D, E, F, G, and a few minors) but no songs. It was frustrating, because so many of my friends in high school played music but I didn't. There was a whole level of reality on which I was unable to interact.

I'm going to be a drunken Irish singer when I grow up, but I have three strikes against me: I don't get drunk, I'm not Irish, and I've never sang anything except in the shower.

The other week, the only song I listened to was 'Impression That I Get' by The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. It's amazing. Look up the music video on YouTube. I'm starting started a ska band. Do you play an instrument? Do you want to play with us? We have a flute/saxophone, a guitar/female vocalist, and me. I'd like to learn piano possibly this Janterm. I want sing and dance. FiCom and the House Offices are giving money to get the pianos in the House Living Rooms tuned, so applause to them.



[by Jacob Lefton] I'm going to be a drunken Irish singer when I grow up. It's been my dream ever since I can remember. I would jump on the red couch in the living room singing along to the my dad's punk albums (at least until Dad found springs poking up through the cushions. He threw the couch out at that point).

I remember distinctly the Ramones double live album 'It's Alive' skipping when you danced on the floor. That's why we had to dance on the couch. I believe I wasn't actually singing words, just sounds I heard them saying. I didn't realize that songs were even composed of words. If you'd asked me what the vocalist was saying, I wouldn't have been able to tell you.

There was that one incident I realized he was swearing in The Pogues' song 'Bottle of Smoke.'

The day being clear

The sky being bright

He came up on the left

Like a streak of light

Like a drunken fuck

("Dad, did you hear what he said!" said the mortified seven year old me.)

On a Saturday night

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)





SECTION HATE

We hate so you don't have to.

The Best Part of Hampshire

You know what I love most about Hampshire? The hypocrites. Hampshire is just bursting at the seams with these people. I don't think any place I have ever been (besides church) is loaded with so many hypocrites. Though aware of this phenomenon, I still haven't figured out why so many hypocrites gather here in particular. I think it might just be a college student anomaly, as so few of us are yet required to put our money where our mouths are. But on to examples:

Consider our (brow-beating) political activism. We care about politics and decisions and about our voice in the community. Yes, that's right, Hampshire College students are so politically active, but when it comes to local politics on campus. Oh shit. No one (including myself, but hell, I don't care so much about political activism, I would much rather just write shit for the Omen) can even bother to vote for community council meetings (I'm too lazy to look it up, but it was something like 20% of students voted for the recent community council elections). Have any of you ever been to an all community meeting? The largest I have ever seen counted something like sixty students amongst its number. Not too bad I guess.

But it gets even better. How about our love for the earth and the environment and our bodies? We wouldn't dare to do anything that damaged any of those things right? Well kind of - we will all gladly smoke

and throw our butts everywhere. I guess everyone just realizes that the environment here is fine—it doesn't need any protecting. It's the environment in Alaska and Mozambique and Bassackwardistan that we should care about and vehemently protect. Sorry got nothing on the whole clean-body thing. Coupling that with smoking still amazes me.

I haven't even gotten to the best part yet: the utter close-mindedness of people here. Hampshire touts itself as a haven of liberal (read: free) thinking. It is not. As someone who would consider himself slightly right of center on the political spectrum, if not just moderate, I have received a surprising amount of flak from people about it. People look at me with either horror or amazement when they hear that I grew up shooting firearms (thoroughly enjoying every moment), don't think communism is a particularly great idea, and find America a generally kick-ass kind of place (granted, it's got a hell of a lot of problems, but I'm not gonna hate this place just cause it's not perfect). Well duh! Just get rid of all firearms and give everyone the same paycheck every week and eliminate every vestige of American culture and everything would be peachy-keen!

I could go on, but the short of it is that a lot of you suck.



Egg Hunt

I have been ruined by my childhood. What happened then colored my life; left it tainted forever. It has shaped who I am, and I can never forget it. Not because I was abused, or ignored, or molested. Not any of those other terrible things you read about in tell-all memoirs of child actors and angry single women and recovered alcoholics. My childhood has ruined me because it was perfect, and nothing can ever be so perfect again.

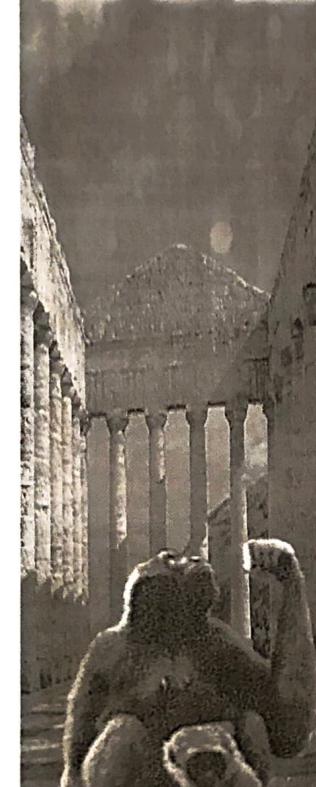
This isn't about nostalgia; I'm not rose-tinting something that was actually unpleasant—the parents split up for awhile when I was in fourth grade, mom swears like a sailor, and my younger sister and I slapped each other around a bit. I remember how it was. But those things aren't enough to change it: being a kid was fantastic, in spite of and *because* it was extremely, extremely normal.

I grew up in this house that was over a hundred years old. We had a giant backyard. There was a sandbox, sprawling vegetable and wildflower gardens, a lilac bush big enough to climb in, and in the back, a beautiful gray-blue playhouse, complete with loft bed. Down a set of limestone steps, there was a swing set, a jungle gym, and most importantly, a small wooded area we optimistically referred to as "the Jungle." Within this space we hung doll hammocks, dug holes for imagined fairies to set up house in, and from sticks and twine built a fabulous teepee that lasted season after season.

On the lush chemical-green lawn



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

[by Athena Currier]

next door lived another set of children, much wilder and ruder than my sister and me. With these and other neighborhood children, we would play Red Rover until somebody got hurt. We would dress ourselves up and host weddings (my sister was always the bride), or make plays or haunted houses for the younger kids to watch (they were never interested). In the plays, my friend Maia was always the princess, the love interest. She was the youngest of our group, it seemed fair. A year older than me was Becca, and her older sister Sarah. They were raised on books, not television, and seemed constantly to be leading me into some kind of clever trap. In our plays, they got the comedy parts, the eccentric villains, the evil stepsisters. I was always the prince. My little sister had no interest in acting with us. She played with the little boys in the neighborhood; the only dress-up she liked to wear was this shiny gold suit we had. She'd take the dog on walks wearing the suit, and a giant blonde wig, and when people asked her the dog's name, she'd say "shit head," or "penis."

For Easter every year, dad would put on "Jesus Christ Superstar" and mom would boil and dye dozens of eggs with us. Dozens more eggs, the plastic kind, would be filled with chocolates and malt balls, hidden in the Jungle for the neighborhood kids to find at the annual egg hunt. There are pictures of all of us, from every year, lined up on our back patio. It was usually cold, this being Minnesota, so we're all bundled up in

fluorescent-colored jackets, grimacing our best photo faces. We get bigger and bigger in these pictures. The coats are slipped off as temperature becomes less important, and we favor looking cool. There are fewer kids in these pictures. I guess by that time the egg hunt was mostly about nostalgia.

I didn't want to grow up. I didn't want to leave the dolls and egg hunts and endless tea parties. I didn't want to take off the dress-up. We don't mean to grow up, any of us. But it is something that happens.

Maia's house smelled like tomatoes and basil. Her dad did most of the cooking. Her mom taught elementary school and read books about the evils of computers and television on children. She despised Barbies and women's magazines, and because of this Maia has grown to love both immensely. Maia would come to my house to watch forbidden movies like "Spice World," and we bonded over a love of gossip we were never ashamed to admit. We fell in and out of fights too quickly for either of us to care about them. Really we just liked an excuse to yell.

Becca was quieter, in another world most of the time. With Becca I did art projects. We'd bend animals out of pipe cleaners, or make costumes for trolls. We spent one entire afternoon covering a sheet of paper with an endless number of chickens, the smallest little more than black clumps of dots. It was messy and indiscernible by the end, but we fought over who got to take it home. The only memorable fight I ever had with Becca was over a bike accident. She was to go down the hill first; I was to wait and then follow at a safe distance.

I didn't wait, and I ran into her, and we tumbled into the grass, and I cried and felt sorry for myself. She wrote me an angry letter over it, never sent, and we both forgot about it when she came to my birthday party the next day.

Sarah was older, and thus never quite part of the group. She had round owl-eyed glasses, and a strawberry-blond braid down to her waist. She was picky about food, demanding cheese be cut into specific shapes and sizes, and often forgoing a meal entirely in favor of plain spaghetti noodles, or a poptart. Sarah was difficult to talk to.

Childhood was an endless summer. It was days with never anything more than trips to playgrounds or the candy store, picking out exactly what you wanted at the library, and most importantly, getting *lost* in what you were doing, whatever it was. A book or a slide, or Playmobil. Childhood was existing moment by moment, and never questioning whether that was the right thing to do.

But little by little we grew bigger and taller. And up. Nobody means to grow up, or grow strange, or grow distant. But they do.

In middle school I moved to the other side of town. Enraged, I hurled a peppershaker at the floor, but that didn't stop it. I had to clean up an eye-watering lot of pepper. I knew I wasn't moving that far away, that plenty of kids had it worse, but it still changed everything. Becca drifted off into her ethereal world of literature and imagination. Sarah developed an eating disorder. Maia and I would still meet to bake cookies and tell each other we were pretty. She was the first

one I got drunk with, smoked pot with. But something was lost. Somewhere along the way the tension changed, the thread grew loose, but none of us knew where the problem lay.

It's not always sad because you lose touch, because you will never see one another again. If it was only that, the memories could stay perfect, untouched and untainted. What's sad is each Christmas, or spring break, or long, boring summer. When you run into the people you used to know. Best friends that outgrew you for popularity. The friend's mothers that adored you and wrote you birthday cards. The girls you had sleepovers with in the backyard, scaring yourselves with ridiculous stories, creating inside jokes just because you could, because it was one more thing to connect you. You run into these people, with too many years in between, and you know so much about them, yet there's nothing to say. The world they shared with you no longer exists. You are neither of you in it.

Becca is on another coast, at Reed College, a place she once described as "angry people walking around in the rain in black trench coats smoking cigarettes." She didn't apply anywhere else. "It doesn't matter where I go," she said, "I will always be me." She is studying Middle Eastern politics, she is chopping off her hair. She drinks bitter tea, and has a new best friend named Athena.

Sarah is at a school she hates. Every semester is a nervous breakdown in miniature, as she considers transferring and then decides against it. I think other we were pretty. She was the first

lost her sanity. In a recent email, she described the sensation of water in her ears after a shower. "I plugged my ears to discover the MOST WONDROUS THING! depending upon how one's head is tilted the hollow warm weight of the drops resounds differently upon around within the skull." These are the kinds of things she writes home about. She is considering moving to Russia.

Maia has been left behind. By us as well as her boyfriend, who went to Canada. Her mouth still gets her in trouble, but it is always tempered with a genuine goodness that lets her get away with anything. We still gossip, but we have few people in common now.

There is less left to say.

There is no reason for nostalgia. We were girls. We grew up. I was a child, and now I am not. There is really nothing so terrible about that. But I was a fairy. There were fairies in my backyard, and we played prince and princess, and wrapped dolls in green blankets, and danced in sprinklers on the lawn. And when I see the girls there should be nothing sad about it. There is nothing lost but time. A time that was perfect because it had no past or future, but now it is something we have outgrown.



Lists!

Hampshire College Trick Or Treating Haul

box of lipton tea
bottle of honey
can of corned beef hash (2)
group hug (3)

"I <3 pro-choice boys" buttons
sparkling grapefruit juice
ramen

funny shaped carrots (7)

satanism brochure

condoms

hair ribbon (3)

stale cookies

banana chips

moldy gourd (2)

expired cheese

stale bread

pennies

bendy wires (5)

bike lock

candles

"I Spy" card game

googly craft eyes

trident tropical twist! gum

lots of candy

>> Molly McLeod

Top Five Reasons Why Women Shouldn't Be Allowed to Vote:

1) Every second they spend in the voting booth is a second where they're *not* in the kitchen.

2) Women are incapable of thought, which means that if they vote, they'll ruin the flawless and carefully constructed government that men have established.

3) They are weak and succumb to evil, which will ruin the flawless and carefully constructed government that men have established.

4) Women are simply vessels which hold the life to create more men.

5) Women aren't citizens. "All men are created equal". Note that it doesn't say *women*.

>> Victoria Quine

Recipes Are Fun!

[by Victoria Quine]

Placenta Pie

Preparation: Find a pregnant woman or become pregnant. When the individual (or you) give(s) birth, capture and save the placenta. Immediately refrigerate. Heat oven to 425 degrees

Crust: 2 1/2 cups white flour
2 tbsp. sugar

1/4 tsp. salt

1/2 cup cold butter, broken into small pieces
Fuck it. Buy some pre-made crust.

Filling:

In a small bowl, mix butter, sugar, and baking soda.

In a larger bowl, beat together placenta, chopped dead baby, and clover. Mixture should not be creamy, but should have chunks,

preferably large enough to identify the infant corpse.

Taste a spoonful or two.

Sprinkle flour over mixture. Taste again.

Add butter, sugar, and baking soda mixture.

Beat viciously with whips and chains.

Let sit for a while.

In the third trimester, stab with coat hangers.

Throw away the crust, get a good movie of a pro-choice abortion rally. Enjoy placenta mixture right out of the bowl.



Dissent From Academia: An Academic Essay (An Open Letter To Teachers Everywhere)

by Enrique Van Slyke

From my birth into this world, to my entry into pre-school, to the tortuous years of high school - I have been subjected to a constant bombardment of the English language. My first word was "Tray-Tray", as my sister's name is "Tracy", but my speech had not developed to a point of where I could fully form this word. Memory relays to me that construction of the essay was first introduced to my mind which, just like day, was ready to be molded; in the third grade. The teacher, whose name escapes me (but who's hair will always stay in my memory), introduced the "hamburger" technique to my peers and me. The "hamburger" taught us that an argument should be tasty; it should include an introduction that explains the argument, condiments that will serve as a delicious addition/back up to the argument, then the meat of the burger - or the main argument, and then finally there was the bottom bun (also known as the conclusion, which kept everything in place). Once fourth grade, I learned to expand my argument. The only thing that really stuck though was the fact that use of "In conclusion" was not required for a conclusion paragraph. By seventh grade, the construction of a sentence was broken down for me. I learned all sorts of amazing diagrams the completely complicated what I had previously thought to be nothing more than a simple sentence. It probably should be noted, however, that it is likely that my disdain for this stemmed from the fact that my math

grade teacher was a hardcore neo-conservative and I was just beginning to shape into the political dissident that I am today. We were forced to deconstruct sentences in a book by Bill O'Reilly. No more needs to be said. My freshmen English teacher was a hater, and I never believed a word she said. My sophomore year was the year I decided I would no longer have anything to do with the normality of writing a paper. Which was a shame, for the fact that my English teacher was a nice person, and the fact that they had to deal with me is a little disheartening. My final year of high school, the junior year, was a very complicated year. The teacher was extraordinarily traditional and would not put up with my "buff." Unfortunately for them, I didn't care, as at the point, I had decided that high school was a "load of shit." I missed my last two months of that year due to a prolonged hospital visit, and I have no idea how I scraped by with a 'B'.

I decided it was in my best interest to "get the hell out" of high school, and so I graduated early. My final year in Chicago was spent at a local college known as Columbia where I did a lot of experimenting with writing, for the knowledge that I would soon be leaving. To conclude the lengthy and probably over-drawn introduction, I have had 16 years of the elements behind constructing an academic may stand down my throat. I understand the structure behind it, the reasoning behind it, and the format of it. Through my years previous to college, I was constantly taught how

to write an essay that structures a point and then divulgued into a belief package that could be purchased at local McDonalds for only nine-nine cents. While that works for some, it does not for me. So let us first explore the condiments behind why I came (or rather hopefully, shall not) write an academic format.

The argument behind the *essays* will include a great deal of unnecessary words that extrapolate the meaning into a grand-juncture that will only serve to cause a catastrophic collapse in the depths of the reader's soul while making the author seem less intelligent behind a hybrid *veil of a* thesaurus and the authoritative *wig*. Or, at least, that's what I read in my academic essays. The scholar one serves its purpose for some, still o more than fine. As a student in Hampshire, I must recognize that each person has his or her own particular branch in the learning process. However, I must, as an individual, argue that those who do not learn well with this format almost continually get overlooked. It is a fact that I am not willing to bet many, many other people either bored or frustrated, or lost often with an essay that is written in the strictly academic style. The author will code the message but it will be almost impossible for the reader to recognize it, more simply put, when people use big and constant words and sentence structures in an apparent reason, it confuses the reader into a state of apathy.

Additionally, an academic essay is extremely hard to relate to. It takes a non-persuasive approach that leaves the reader feeling as if they were being lectured at. I believe it is more than safe to assume that great deals of people do not like being lectured to. Thusly, the message loses impact upon the reader. When the message loses impact upon the reader, the reader cares less. When the reader cares less, the reader gets it less. If a reader does not care about your argument, the reader will not care about your point. A point that could be easily transferable from author to reader, but is lost in the jungle of words that the author paints before them, is a point wasted. I am in no way shape or form arguing that this is true for all people, because as stated previously everyone has their own style of learning. I am arguing, however, that this is true for much more than a small minority of people.

There is a solution to this problem, though - start the meat of the hamburger that is this essay - a non-traditional approach to an argument. In this sense, I propose whatever it is that the author feels would best portray their point. However, I know myself best, so I will stick with what I know. The way I shape my arguments is in a story format. If there is a point to be made, it will be made via a story. If, for example, I must compare two articles read in class, I will create a fictional world where the authors of the two articles are forced to interact and somehow discuss (whether it be in dialogue or through actions) their points made in their arguments. Or if, for instance, I must address the arguments made by a certain individual that we are studying in said class, I might form an "open letter" to this individual where

I pretend I am their long-lost friend, brother, relative, etc. In this way, I create a world that attracts the reader. The reader assumes they are reading a story, a world beyond where they are being lectured. They are being told a story that serves a purpose, that has an argument, that has a point, but it is not a grand and overwhelming force that is stating absolute fact and absolute fiction. The reader is allowed to take in the data, to absorb it, to read it over. It

"... an academic essay is extremely hard to relate to."

is not simply point and argument, the reader is allowed to adapt their own opinions and their own views. This is much more personal and interesting. The story will stay in their mind as well as the message. If the reader is allowed to question the point, they will be stimulated in a way much greater than if they were required to accept it as fact. Their there will be greater, and thus the ability to assimilate the argument will become stronger and more refined.

If this were third grade, I would now start this paragraph with "In conclusion". However, I was taught in fourth grade that that was just silly. *In the last paragraph, my teacher explained. Of course it's the conclusion, what else could it be?* And now I must simply question why an argument must follow a defined pattern that serves to just distract and distance a great deal of its audience. It seems unnatural to me. Again, I am not arguing for the customization of all academic style essays. I am simply stating that it should be accepted to break the norms, to create a new style

that will reach the audience often left walking they had seen a different landscape. I recognize that this essay is not strictly in an academic format, which forces the title to be misleading. A "good" academic essay does not use "I", "you", and etc. It is my guess that there are quite a few grammatical errors (although, these have nothing to do with an academic format - that's my inability to fully comprehend the oddity that is the English language system). The conclusion is shorter or longer at the end of the essay. There are a great deal of branches from the "academia" I was taught in high school. My point is that I don't care. As long as the message and the message are there, what should it matter? I will approach my audience how I like, as I encourage everyone to do - whether it is in academic or not. As a student and author of a message, I deserve the right to have my message encoded how I please. It completely escape me how it can justified by high school - and other places at that - that there is only one way to express yourself. A message can be brought to an audience in a plethora of ways, in however format that the author feels comfortable in expressing the words and the message they hope to portray. I was always taught to never put a question in your essay unless it is completely necessary. It is said to take away from the authority of your voice. It was strictly forbidden to end your academic essay with a question. Do not leave your point as uncertain, the teachers always said, be an authoritative voice. And so, with great pleasure, I leave you with one question: if the message is there with all of its points, why can the author not explore new boundaries to discuss?



David's Wisdom Nook

A Bi-Weekly Advice Column

[by David Mansfield]

David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Redusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He lives in Massachusetts, where he teaches psychology and bow staff combat at Hampshire College. He has a wife and three kids. He is very nice and you can all relate to him. If you have a question for David, you can email it to him at davidswisdomnook@gmail.com.

David,

I recently came into a large amount of money. I have hesitated in telling many people, and plan to invest and keep my windfall under the radar. It isn't that I don't want to share it, I simply know that if I am too generous with it, the money will vanish too quickly. As hard as I have tried to keep it a secret, my sister has found out and expects me to share a large amount of it with her. She has had a difficult life, and certainly struggles with money more than I do. I want to help her, but I'm afraid that if I do she will become reliant on me and leach away at my funds. On the other hand, I don't want to be a miser. I really do want to help her, but I don't know if this is the best way. How can I help without just giving her money and creating dependence?

Frugal Urges Leaving Family Jealous And Rapacious

Dear FULFJAR,

Good luck! Enjoy the money!

David,

Two years ago, I left my boyfriend of six years when it became clear that he was going to "pop the question." We were very much in love, but he never wanted to talk about the future and even said on several occasions that he didn't believe in marriage. It was clear to me that our priorities were too different for the relationship to work, so we went our separate directions. End of story, right? Wrong. A few days ago I found out through a mutual friend that my ex and his current girlfriend are getting married this summer. Adding insult to injury, they have only been together six months! What's the deal? I waited five years for him. I am feeling seriously inadequate and lied to. What should I do? Was I the problem, or is he just a complete scumbag?

Marriage Of Old Flame Ruining Ex's Peace Of Mind

Dear MOOFREPOM,

Before I answer this question, I want to give you my condolences. Feeling betrayed by a loved one is one of the hardest things a person can go through. It is often difficult to tell whether it was your fault, and all too easy to feel like you are more to blame than the other party.

That being said, your current problem is entirely your fault. I can't say exactly why, since I don't know the particulars of your relationship, but I can say with absolute certainty that you are a bad person who deserves what she got, and should feel deeply, deeply ashamed for her actions.

There are other ways you can help her as well. However, if you decide not to take your chances with the aquarium, I'm afraid I can't waste my time helping you.

Good luck! Enjoy the money!

David,

I am a mother of three children between the ages of 7 and 10. Our family is fairly well-off, upper middle class, and we don't have many issues with money. It has always been important to me to have enough money to live comfortably, though I wouldn't say we live an extravagant lifestyle. Here's the problem: My husband and I have begun to notice that our kids are acting extremely spoiled. They demand rather than ask, and throw horrible tantrums when they don't get their way. When I suggest that they earn money for new toys instead of begging, they hassle me and nag until I just buy the toy for them because I can't stand it anymore. What should I do? As I said, being monetarily comfortable is important, but I don't want to spoil my kids.

Help appreciated,

Spoiled Kids Equal Concerned And Bewildered Old Parents

Dear SKECABOP,

This is a fairly common problem in my experience. First off, you should realize that comfort is not necessary or even good for children in many cases. The first step to "curing" your children is freeing yourself of the notion that comfort is necessary. If early ancestors of the sloth had been comfortable being eaten alive by giant carnivorous whales, they never would have very slowly crawled out of the sea and evolved into the majestic beacons of glory they are today. Similarly, your children will never evolve into sloths of responsibility and respect unless they are eaten by the giant whale of discomfort. Once they have experienced this discomfort, they will be grateful for what they do have and stop bothering you.

In short, if he lied, he was right to lie to you. If he was telling the truth, it is no wonder that he changed his mind after dating a proper woman. What should you do? Attend the wedding. It will be the most painful experience of your life, and you will deserve every second of it. No one will ever love you.

I hope this helps! Good luck!

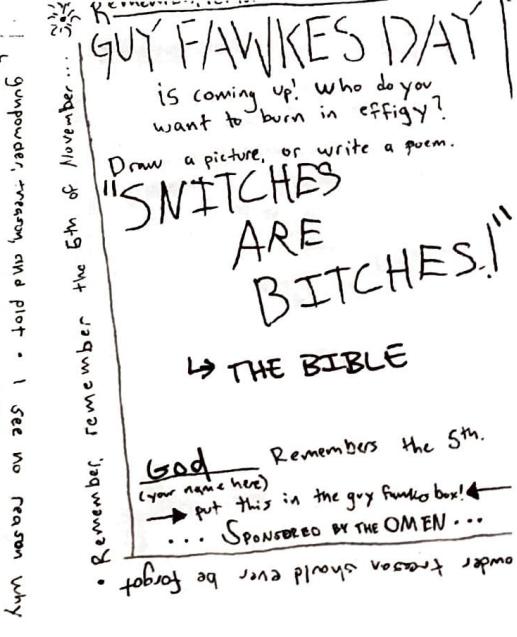
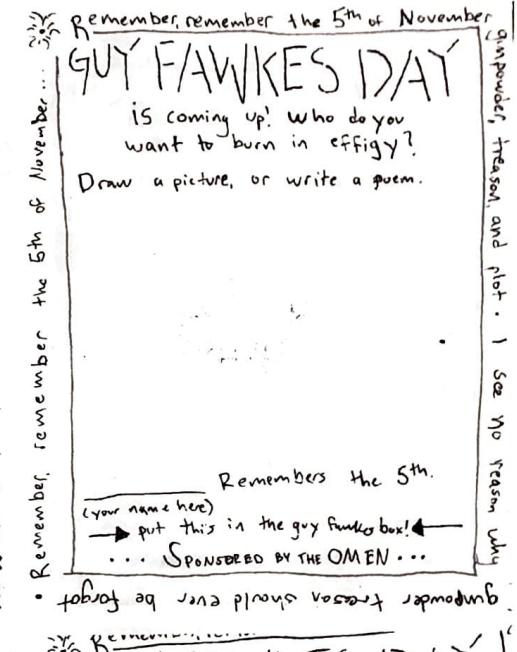
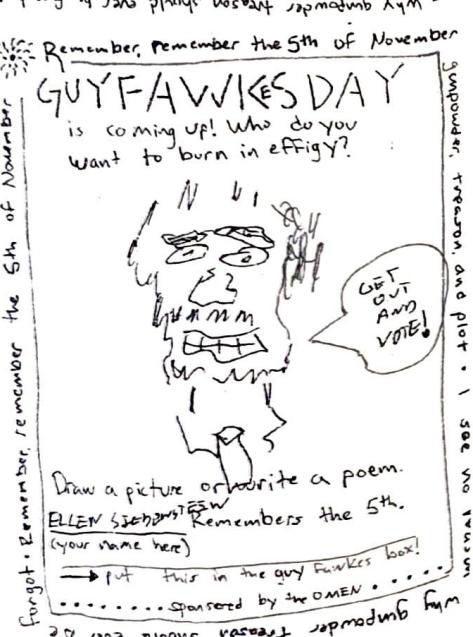
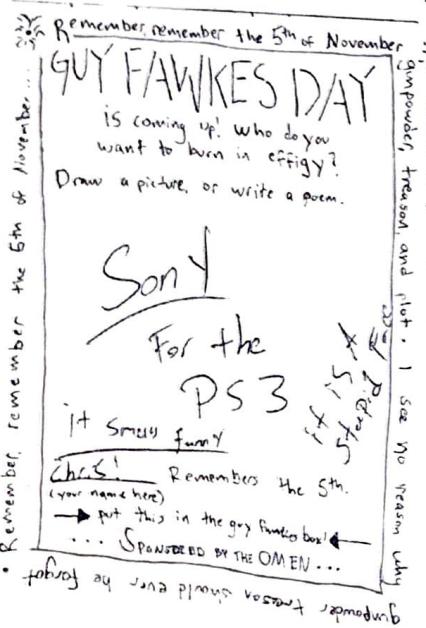
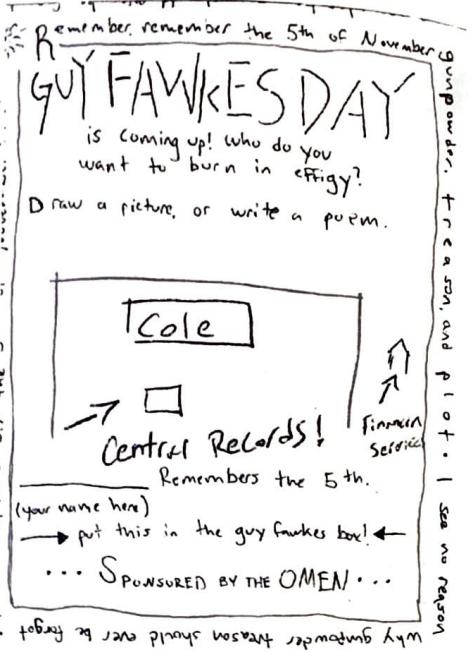
suggestions as a starting point, but it really isn't difficult to get creative and come up with your own. There is no right or wrong way, just have fun with it.

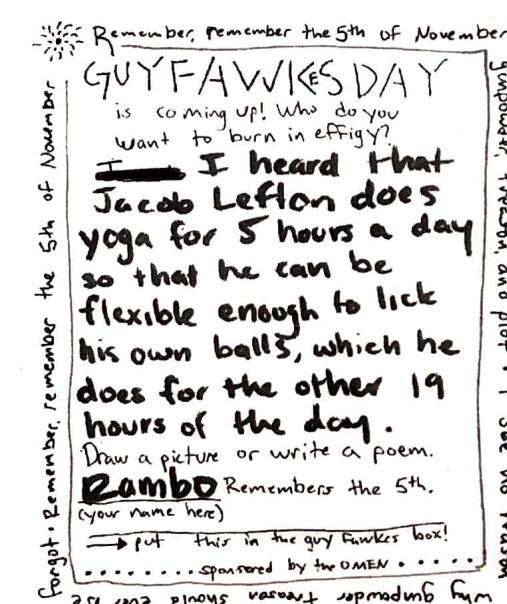
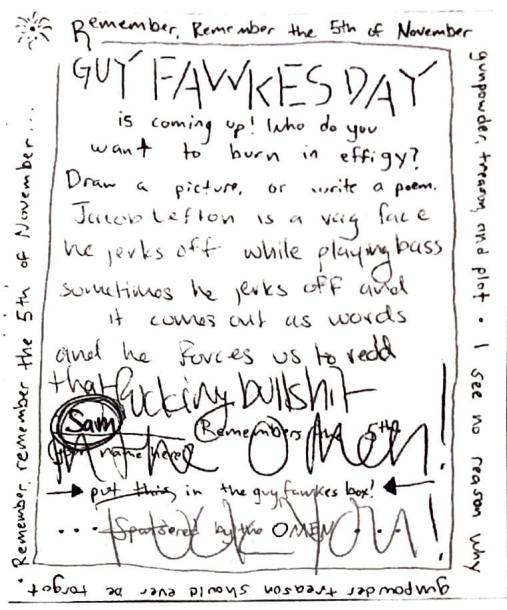
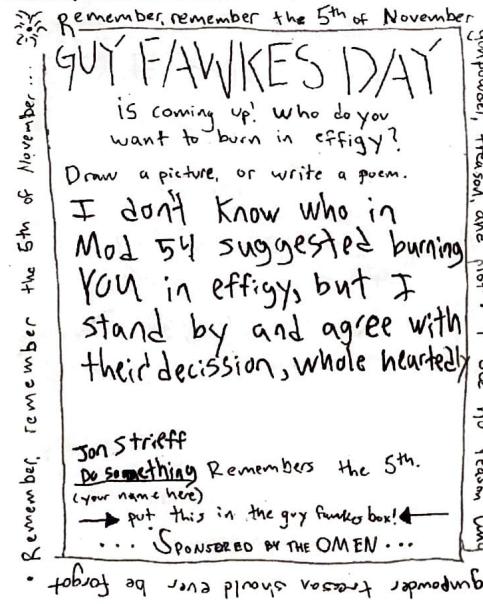
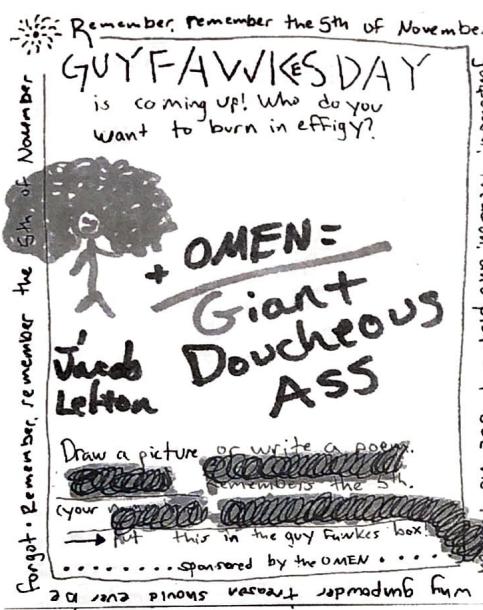
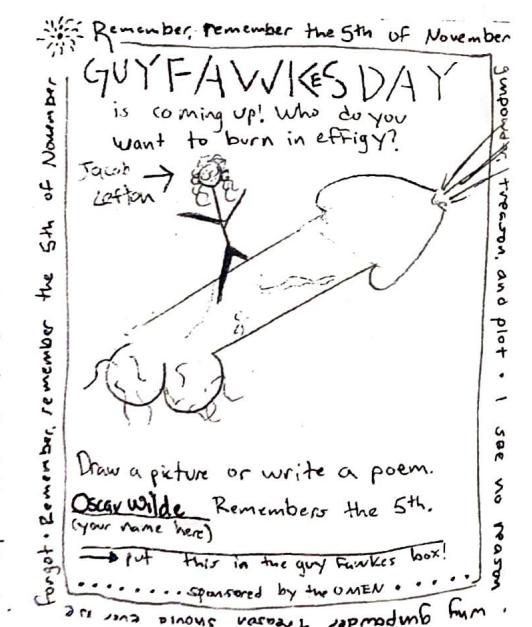
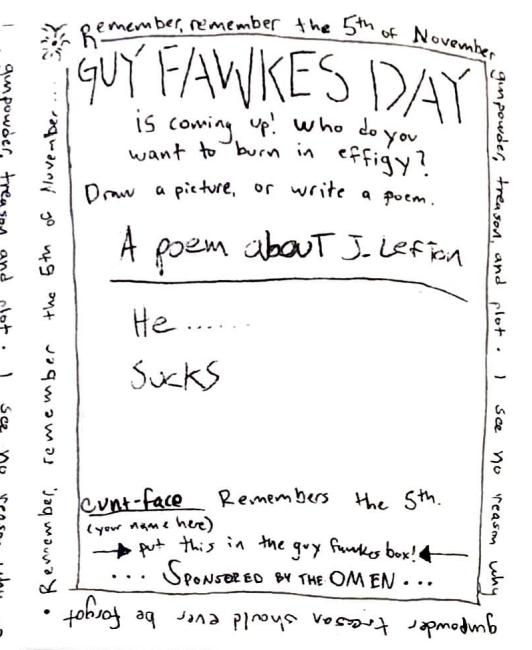
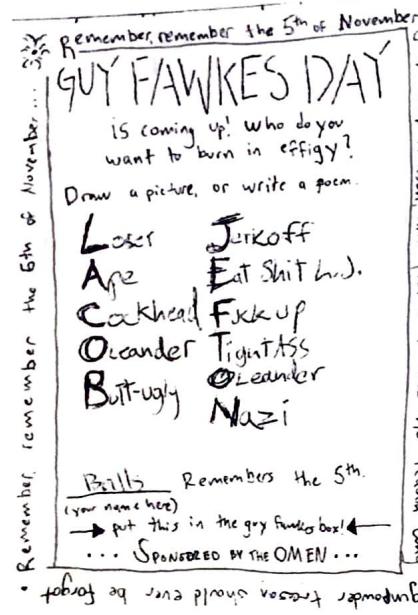
I recommend that you begin by forcing them to sleep in jeans, preferably with pencils in the pockets. Make sure that before they go to bed their feet are good and dirty, and deny them the option to wash up if they ask. In the mornings, do not allow them to eat breakfast while sitting in chairs, and instead pour soda on the floor and make them sit there. When in public spaces, you and your husband should display unreasonable amounts of physical affection toward each other. When watching TV as a family, tell your kids that the couch is off-limits and that they have to lean against the coffee table. You should continually yell at them to move over because you can't see. If there isn't room at the coffee table, some of your children may be allowed to lie on the floor, but make sure that the floor is made of linoleum and that they use a book or Lego structure to prop their heads up. The next time they beg for a new toy or make rude demands, tell them about the night they were conceived, or how a woman's body works..

These are just a few of the ways to break your children. As I said, there is plenty of room to get creative. Good luck!

That's all for this time. For more, visit the archives at davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com.







Remember, remember the 5th of November

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

The OMEN
I could always transfer
in this issue
Jacob Leftonson
while I'm still having
\$12,000 to go here

Jon Strieff (your name here) Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

MHN, I HATE
HAVING GENITAL HERPES
MY NAME IS
JACOB LEFTONSON

Aliza (your name here) Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Now who will masturbate my ego in The Omen?

Jon Strieff Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

I SHOT THE SAME SHIT TWO WEEKS AGO...
READ THE OMEN?

Poo Poo Head Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

Almost done with the new Omen

Jon Strieff Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

I'm a cloche

Jacob Lefton Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

I hope you guy Fawke yourself in the ass.

- you
everyone else
Golden Bear Sunshine

Dick-wad (your name here) Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

GUY FAWKES DAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem.

FACT:
Jacob Lefton
is sexually attracted to penguins

Ass (your name here) Remembers the 5th.
→ put this in the guy fawkes box! ←
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

Forget... Remember, remember the 5th of November

Remember, remember the 5th of November
GUYFAWKESDAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Fact:
Jacob Lefton sold heroin to a puppy!

Draw a picture or write a poem.
Jon Strieff Remembers the 5th.
(your name here)

→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

?& finds nearest upmoderGuy
GUYFAWKESDAY
is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?
Draw a picture, or write a poem

CHILL OUT

LEFTON, IT'S JUST A JOKE.

Dr. Retarded Remembers the 5th of November
(your name here)
→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

... today is just gonna be another day

Remember, remember the 5th of November

GUYFAWKESDAY

is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Draw a picture, or write a poem.
I didn't draw the picture of you riding the giant penis, but I do approve of it.

Jon Strieff Remembers the 5th.
(your name here)

→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

... today is just gonna be another day

Remember, remember the 5th of November

GUYFAWKESDAY

is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Draw a picture, or write a poem.

This is the best issue of whatever the Fuck Pops into My Brain, EVER!



Mod 105 Remembers the 5th.
(your name here)

→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

... today is just gonna be another day

Remember, remember the 5th of November

GUYFAWKESDAY

is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Draw a picture, or write a poem.

YOU BETTER

PUBLISH ALL SUBMISSIONS!
FREE SPEECH!

Ghandi Remembers the 5th.

(your name here)
→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

... today is just gonna be another day

Remember, remember the 5th of November

GUYFAWKESDAY

is coming up! Who do you want to burn in effigy?

Draw a picture, or write a poem.

THE OMEN

BLOWS,

Jon Strieff Remembers the 5th.

(your name here)
→ put this in the guy fawkes box!
... SPONSORED BY THE OMEN ...

... today is just gonna be another day

**Submit to the Omen
Just don't submit shit**

Jacob and I debated about whether or not to published these last six pages of effigies, the ones that are all about him. I thought we shouldn't publish them because of the degree of negativity and immaturity, and I think they're borderline libelous. And not funny. The first few pages of effigies are somewhat interesting, Div IIIs, Hampshire offices, and other random things, but who needs to read six pages of shit about Jacob? He maintained that we should publish them because of the Omen's policy of free speech and publishing everything that is submitted.

Here's my point. I'm well aware that the Omen has long had a reputation for being hateful and pretentious. But the quality of it depends entirely on you. Yes, you, reading this right now. The quality of the Omen depends on the quality of the submissions. If people submit shit, the Omen will be a shitty magazine. If people submit interesting articles, random thoughts, drawings, comics, stories, pictures, even angry (but well thought out and not libelous) letters, well... it might be more worthwhile.

When I first joined the Omen staff last year I thought it was really cool that Hampshire had a "free speech" magazine. I thought redesigning the layout might make people more likely to pick it up, better fonts, prettier page numbers, a cool looking table of contents might improve the quality of the Omen. Maybe I can make the articles look nice sometimes, but still, to be honest, I often get sick of designing stupid immature articles that no one will read. I can't stop people from submitting stupid things, but I can say this: freedom of speech is an important and exciting privilege. Take advantage of it, but don't abuse it!

-Molly McLeod

[The Omen Staff Survey]

My name Joshua Almenar Hopkins

childhood ambition Musician

fondest memory My Mom when she was happy and carefree

soundtrack Lost In Translation isolation & comfort all rolled into one

retreat to somewhere where money and status don't matter

wildest dream Fighting zombies in the Duplications center

proudest moment when I stood for what was right vs. what was hip

biggest challenge Dealing with these ongoing health problems

alarm clock 6:45 in the friggin' morning!

perfect day Sitting underneath a huge tree in an open field with the one I love.

first job Picking grapes @ this stupid farm when I was 12

indulgence Vodka, tonic, videogames

last purchase Gatorade \$1.50 @ the bookstore!

favorite movie Lost In Translation at least right now

inspiration Great writers and artists, Bob Dylan, Woody Allen

My life Musician, check us out on my space! www.myspace.com/koiband

My job On-site Services Specialist @ IKON

Find the job that fits your life at hampshire.edu



My life. My job.

[The Omen Staff Survey]

My name Josiah S. Litan

childhood ambition to become a well-known TV personality

fondest memory Meeting Celine Dion, greatest selling female vocal artist of all time

soundtrack One of many Sinatra albums

retreat inside my truck, with my music cranked up

wildest dream to reinvent the American Education system

proudest moment learning to successfully play the nose flute

biggest challenge never compromising ME for someone else

alarm clock 98.3 FM on my radio dial

perfect day A day with friends, talking, laughing, and maybe watching "Dangerous Creek" (oh god, don't ask that)

first job Dakin Horse Secretary

indulgence ice cream and kitchen utensils

last purchase A beautiful silicone spoonula in pistachio green — (see indulgence, above)

favorite movie "Bart in Show"

inspiration Division III student

My life Keeps me happy

My job Keeps me real

Find the job that fits your life at hampshire.edu



My life. My job.

FALLOUT AESTHETICS

PART ONE: ATOMIC ART

[by David Axel Kurtz] There exists within the zeitgeist a notion which enjoys seemingly universal dissemination. It is wrought of an almost adamantine simplicity, suggesting less of purity than of the stavistically dogmatic. Perhaps for its unerring ubiquity the laurel-crown of credit ought to be laid upon the brow of whosoever it was that first distilled it from its entirety to that simple dysyllabic monomous:

"No Nukes."

I am often given to wonder what proportion of those who subscribe to that theory has any great mastery over the subject which they so cavalierly dismiss.

It is suggestible that in order to fully understand a thing, you must be able to understand all of the things which it shall affect. The very potency of nuclear devices (some might say, omnipotence) requires that the philosophies which consider them be infinite bedfellows. Many are the ranks of human learning associated with these devices, though many of these specializations would seem to be related to each other only by virtue of this association. Physics, chemistry, geometry, radiology, metallurgy, electronics, avionics, topography, seismography, political science, geopolitical science, military science, philosophy, theology, sociology, economics, and every branch of medical science, all fall easily under the nuclear umbrella. Any consideration

of nuclear ethics which ignores even a single element of this aggregation is like a temple abandoned by a caryatid to the savages of gravity. Nuclear ethics is therefore no fit concentration for those with designs upon the hollow joys of indolence or ignorance.

This must not performe require us to be left entirely insatiate. There is one dichotomization within the sciences that is available to us. It is perhaps the only filing-cabinet of human knowledge not necessarily involved in the invention, production, or expenditure of nuclear devices, theoretical or otherwise. It is not an element of the aggregate; rather it is that which is used to judge the aggregate itself. It is to the aggregate as a jeweler is to an alloy. It is not involved at any point in the life of the devices; its function is made applicable only after a device has died, but before its memorial has faded. It is like a man who had no knowledge of a person while they were alive, has gained no knowledge of their life now that they are deceased, but nevertheless contents himself with appreciating their memorial. It is the worst of mourners, for it is the happiest attendee of the funeral. It is the worshipper of Shelley and disdainer of Ozymandias. It is the lover of paintings who stands indifferent to the painted. It is the consumer-side science of the nuclear reaction. It is aesthetics.

Within the accepted literature there is very little presented to us concerning the aesthetic values of atomic devices. The primary reason

behind this is quite probably nothing more sinister than a simple lacking of motivation. Such devices are seen to be so requisite of our practical attentions that the making of value judgments upon the ornamentality thereof seems comparatively unimportant. I freely yield to the philosophical proffering that the desire for survival must be the Sublime Desire, and forever supersede all else, including *post facto* judgments on the inspirational beauty of an event. It is perhaps such a judgment which is the farthest removed from the Sublime Desire. Perhaps it is that very distance, that greatest distance, which best demonstrates the value of judging value. When survival is absolutely assured, when all that allows such an assurance has been satisfactorily established, and when all that comes between survival and aesthetics are similarly enacted, only then is aesthetics an affordable luxury. It is indeed the highest-priced luxury; its price is the time, thought, energy, and love of the observer, and the downpayment upon it takes the form of all other human accomplishments. Survival is required to provide us the observer (that is, ourselves); all else that follows is to increase our abilities as observer. Be it to give us better modes of understanding, better tools for the expenditure of our energy, better systems for the minimization of our daily tasks in order to free for ourselves more time, or the discovery of better ways for us to be appreciators of beauty, all these things are for no purpose if not

to allow us to more effectively do such things as we choose to do. We may seek only to enjoy ourselves, and drown to various extents in hedonisms coarse or fine; we may reinvest our energy into the betterment of any of the above, and find comfort in the surcease of a life spent spending the coin of altruism; or we may use that time as best we may to find things more and more beautiful.

As beauty is the paramour of the paramount, so too are nuclear weapons the bedfellow of every Galatea that humanity, wielding science as its chisel, has ever created for itself. All these studies are of the first order. Nuclear devices, being the culmination of them, are of the second order; they are the first gestalt. Aesthetics, being the great observer, resides above. Aesthetics is of the third order; it is the second culmination, the second gestalt.

The first of these categories, as outlined before (and even then, in all probability, incompletely), encompasses far too much to properly deal with here. It perhaps encompasses far too much to be dealt with by any single individual. Assuming even two years spent in concentrated study of each of the aforelisted composites of the alloy that is the nuclear, beginning at the age of eighteen, one would be well into middle age before one's studies were complete. This is why, in dealing with nuclear weapons, we give their access not to a physicist nor a philosopher nor a general, but to a person to whom all such people report, a person in whom any such specialty is wholly incidental and not necessarily beneficial to the discharging of their authority. This other infinite bedfellow we call a President; as are nuclear weapons to human endeavors, so is he to humans, the endeavours.

Let us therefore deal with the alloy itself, passing over the composites, those things of the first order, in order to examining the second order only. Let us deal directly with nuclear devices.

The functional details are still much of them classified, but what is available to the public is still of little practical value to this discussion. We are not interested in creating our own bombs, for that would give us the power to cause an explosion. We do not wish to cause; we wish to observe the effect. One may as well insist that in order to appreciate a sculpture one must have sculpted it oneself.

To speak simply: very specific materials, when treated in very specific ways, and then put in very specific situations, will be turned into energy so great that it is an explosion. Up until the moment of detonation, such a thing is called a nuclear device. If used as an instrument of offense, such a thing is called a nuclear weapon.

The most common such minerals

are uranium, plutonium, neptunium, tritium, deuterium, and lithium. Some of these have different functions within such a device. Not all of them are required in order to build such a device. These elements are not common in Nature, and the state in which they are found in Nature is not one which allows their use in a weapon. Such elements are not capable of being gathered and assembled into a device, as one might forage for certain ingredients and then immediately turn them into an edible creation. Before they are useful in this regard, they must first be treated.

This processing requires that the materials be mined, milled, converted, enriched, and fabricated into the desired form. Each of these steps requires the employment of a wholly different set of skills and technologies; each, in fact, requires an entire industry to support it, not to mention its own branch of scientific learning. (Do not worry yourself for a moment thinking that it is a process in which one may easily engage. During World War Two, the American project to develop nuclear weapons employed over one hundred and thirty thousand people across the country, cost almost twenty five billion dollars in modern money, and spanned more than half a decade. It only produced enough material to build three weapons, one of which was required as a test.)

Finally the device must be assembled.

The goal of such an assembly is to create a situation where the device may not be exploded except by the precise actions (and therefore consent) of its owner. The weapon must be made so safe that it is able to keep its nuclear material from exploding, but it cannot be made so safe that it will be unable to be exploded at the whims of its owner. Thus a balance is required between invulnerability and unleashing.

An atomic bomb is a weapon which draws its explosive power from the fission of its nuclear core. A thermonuclear or 'hydrogen' bomb utilizes both fission and fusion for the purpose of increasing its potential explosive force. A boosted fission weapon is a compromise between the two in both design and in power. (There are other results of a nuclear detonation which may be exploited for purposes martial. A desire for such things has caused to be created the 'salted' or 'dirty' bomb, which is a device for dispersing radioactive material; the 'neutron' bomb, a device for dispersing gamma radiation; and 'EMP' weapons, devices for dispersing electromagnetic radiation. They are

not dealt with here, as they are not primarily explosive devices, and as such their aesthetic appeal is limited)

The explosive power of a nuclear weapon depends upon a great many factors, all of which science is now able to control to a remarkable magnitude of precision. The explosive power for such a device is usually measured in kilotons, where one kiloton indicates the equivalent explosive power of one thousand tons, or two million pounds, of dynamite. The explosive output of some hydrogen bombs is measured in megatons, which is equivalent to one thousand thousand, or one million, tons of dynamite.

America detonated the first nuclear weapon in 1945 in a test with the codename "Trinity". The explosion was located on a military firing range in the deserts of New Mexico. It produced an estimated yield of 19 kilotons. The only nuclear weapons ever used as instruments of hostility were named "Fat Man" and "Little Boy" after their external appearances (which were dictated by corresponding differences in their internal designs). They were dropped by American bombers on the Japanese cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima less than one month after the Trinity test. They unleashed a force of about 13 and 21 kilotons respectively.

These war-time uses of nuclear weapons total but a small fraction of the number of nuclear explosions. The United States alone has detonated over 1,482 weapons during a total of 1,054 official tests. Most of these were detonated at either the Nevada Test Site or the Pacific Proving Grounds, the latter being located in the Marshall Islands. The Soviet Union has detonated 969 devices by official count, most of which occurred

Semipalatinsk Test Site in Kazakhstan or the Northern Test Site on Novaya Zemlya. France has detonated 210, mostly in French Polynesia or then-French Algeria; Britain, 45, mainly in or near Australia; China, 45, all at the Lop Nur Nuclear Weapons Test Base in Malan, Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region; India, 5 or 6, near Pokhran in Rajasthan; Pakistan, between 3 and 6, in Balochistan. South Africa is likely to have detonated at least one nuclear weapon, though it has since voluntarily disarmed its entire nuclear arsenal. Israel has never formally stated whether or not it is a nuclear power, and North Korea's nuclear power remains an open question in the world community.

Nuclear tests may be conducted in one of four ways. The most common is the atmospheric or surface test, which simulates the detonation of a nuclear device near the ground beneath it. Near this in frequency is the subterranean test, in which the device is lowered into a bore-hole or placed in a chasm so that the surface and the atmosphere are shielded from the explosion. The third type of test is the upper-atmospheric or extra-atmospheric, where the device is delivered to great heights before being detonated. The fourth manner of test is one in which the device is located beneath the surface of the ocean or other body of water.

A single nuclear explosion for test purposes is often referred to as a 'shot'.

The first Soviet nuclear test, a 22 kiloton blast codenamed Joe-1 by NATO, occurred in 1949. The United Kingdom detonated a 25 kiloton weapon during the Hurricane test in 1952. France's first test, the Gerboise Bleue test of 1960, utilized a 60 kiloton fission weapon. China detonated a 22 kiloton weapon in its 596 test of 1964.

The Smiling Buddha test of 1974 introduced India's nuclear abilities with 12 kilotons. Pakistan's Chagai-I test of 1998 produced 9 kilotons. North Korea has recently claimed to have created a nuclear explosion as part of its Hwadae-ri test. As the explosion is thought by many to have measured less than 1 kiloton, it is questioned whether the test was in fact unsuccessful, or whether the explosion was in fact nothing more than an elaborate coup de theatre.

Shortly after the successful test of a fission bomb, America began to work towards the development of a weapon based around nuclear fusion. America's Ivy Mike test of 1952 became the first successful detonation of a fusion weapon, producing about 10,400 kilotons (10.4 megatons) of equivalent explosive power. The Russians followed in 1955 with the RDS-37 test, producing 1.6 megatons. Britain's Grapple X of 1957 produced 1.8 megatons; China's Test #6 of 1967, 3.3 megatons; France's Canopus of 1968, 2.6 megatons. India has claimed to have detonated a fusion weapon as part of its Shakti-I test. As the explosion produced only 43 kilotons, whether or not it was created by fusion is speculated upon by the world community.

The smallest ever nuclear weapon weighed less than fifty pounds, was less than a foot and a half in length and less than one foot wide. It yielded an explosive force equivalent to 22 tons of dynamite, making it useful for in-theater deployment. It was designed to be fired by a recoilless rifle, the operation of which required no more than two men.

The largest ever nuclear weapon was tested by Russia in 1961 and was given the NATO codename *Tsar Bomba*. It was designed to possess a potential

yield of 100 megatons. A measure to reduce the amount of resulting nuclear radiation resulted in a final yield of only 50 megatons, which still makes it more than three times as large as any other nuclear explosion previous or subsequent. In its unmitigated form, it would have been capable of leveling urban areas in a zone forty miles wide, causing heavy damage in a zone half again greater in size, and causing third degree burns in any person unlucky enough to be within one hundred miles of the epicenter of the blast. This is an area more than twice the size of all of Hampshire County.

Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan were both engaged in nuclear weapons research during World War Two, though neither program is believed to have come to much success. Many other countries have at one time operated nuclear weapons programs. It is speculated that though most of the world's countries are signatories to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation and Comprehensive Test Ban treaties, some still operate clandestine nuclear weapons programs.

The Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty was introduced in New York in 1968. It is commonly divided into three pillars, each of which is an obligation voluntarily taken upon by each signatory nation. The first states that no country shall possess a nuclear weapon that was not already in possession of such a weapon at the time it signed the treaty. The second states that none of the nuclear powers shall disperse their weapons or weapon technologies, nor shall they assist any country in the development of their own nuclear weapons program. The third guarantees every nation the right to peacefully utilize nuclear technology.

The three countries who have never been signatories to the treaty are Israel, India, and Pakistan. North Korea withdrew from the treaty in 2003.

The Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty was introduced in New York in 1996. It requires its signatories to assume two basic obligations. The first requires each country refrain from detonating any nuclear devices whatsoever. The second requires each country to refrain from encouraging or in any way participating in such tests in another country. North Korea, India, and Pakistan are none of them signatories to the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty.

China, Israel, and the United States have all signed the treaty, but have not ratified it. The treaty itself states that it must be ratified by all of these countries before it shall come into force. As this has yet to occur, and it does not appear likely that it shall, the treaty continues to be nothing more than a paper upon which many pens have been pressed.

There is no place on earth to which a nuclear weapon could not be delivered, hastily, accurately, and with a significant degree of stealth. The nuclear canvas covers the entire surface of the globe and claims additional dominion over a certain amount of outer space. Nuclear weapons are not themselves methods of delivery, but they may be used as payloads in a variety of projectiles, each of which has its own merits and disadvantages. Nuclear devices may be transported in any of the ways used for more conventional burden, such as rail and automobile and airplane.

They may be placed on gravity bombs such as are dropped from airplanes. They may be attached to cruise missiles that may be fired from airplanes, land vehicles, surface ships, or submarines.

They may be launched from such stationary locations as underground silos. They may be delivered by torpedo or depth charge. They may be fired out of cannon in the form of conventional artillery shells. They have even been used in land mines, in which case they may be detonated by timer, remote control, or by proximity fuse.

But all of these are practical considerations when nuclear devices are to be used as weapons. All of these are the intended outcomes of a theoretical decision to expend a nuclear payload upon an enemy. The functionality of such an offense is to be weighed based upon various sets of criteria including the moral, the theological, the militarily ethical, and the geopolitically philosophical. In these instances, the detonation of a nuclear device is not the goal. The detonation is a spectacular means, but it remains no more than a means to a desired end.

All arenas of thought must be made the subjects of consideration before such a weapon is to be used. A party must first come to an agreement as to the nature of the situation which they wish to see produced. If they find that the use of nuclear weapons is a practical creator of such a situation, they must then consider all of the implications thereof. Finally, if they are left with no alternatives, or if they consider it the best of alternatives, nuclear weapons shall be put to use.

This is no different in the abstract from the system employed by any rational individual or body, governing or otherwise, in the making of any decision. It is the nature of this decision which causes it to be so separated from all others. Few if any events which man may cause have the power to affect such great impact upon himself.

and his world. This is why nuclear weapons have been used in only one conflict, during a time when ignorance concerning the nature of the effects of such a device dictated that its potential martial prowess be the primary and determining factor when its use was under consideration. It should also be said that it is rarely seen as coincidental that the resolution of that conflict came about a very short time thereafter.

There are myriad factors to be considered if a nuclear device is to be used as a weapon, but it is not as a weapon that such a device must necessarily be employed. There is one distinction between a nuclear device and a nuclear weapon, and that is intent. This logical differentiation is the same as separates the leisurely nature of hunting rifles from the bellicosity of offensive firearms. It is what separates ballistic rockets (such as allowed man to reach the moon) from ballistic missiles (such as allow nuclear weapons to reach foreign soil). This is the concept which drives the statement in the Book of Micah that "They have beaten their swords to ploughshares, And their spears to pruning-hooks (4:3)", except that no such beating is required.

As a sword swung into a stalk of grain is not an instrument of hostility, so too is a nuclear device detonated for purposes pacifistic not to be considered a weapon. The use of that device is therefore requisite of no consideration of military ethics or tactics. Their expenditure does not necessitate that they be deterrent in any of their effects. Though they must not necessarily be irenic instruments, their use does not indicate nor must it initiate any degree of pugnacity. For as General Herbert Onslow Plumer said on the eve of the

Battle of Messines, "Gentlemen, we may not make history tomorrow, but we shall certainly change the geography."

Such detonations fall under the category of 'peaceful nuclear explosions' as defined by the Treaty on Nuclear Explosions for Peaceful Purposes of 1976. This treaty entered into force in 1990, making it the most recently applied instrument of governance over America's nuclear behavior. It states that

and the Rio Blanco and Rulison shots occurred in Colorado, near Rifle and Grand Valley respectively.

The nuclear devices assigned to Project Plowshare were expended towards the creation of a diversity of desired circumstances. Some called 'gas stimulation experiments' had as their goal determination of the practicality of using nuclear devices in the release of natural gas which could then be collected for public consumption. Some were used to determine the destructive potential of nuclear explosions on unusual soil types, such as carbonate rock and alluvium. Some were detonated in order to create, for the purposes of harvesting, transplutonic elements and similar radioisotopes. All were conducted under safeguards equally as stringent as those governing any other nuclear event, though the nature of these tests was not kept occluded so fiercely.

Many of the Plowshare shots sought to determine the efficacy of nuclear devices in endeavors of excavation, making these devices such as were awarded superlativity among all human endeavors by Thomas Hobbes as "instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force." The most publicized Plowshare event was the Sedan shot conducted under Operation Storax in 1962. The blast yielded 104 kilotonnes and displaced 12 million short tons of soil. The resulting crater is 320 feet deep and 1280 feet wide, whereas the device itself measured 38 inches in length and 17.1 inches in diameter. The crater is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Detonations for a wide range of other purposes were proposed, though none was ever implemented. Operation

Oilsands would have attempted to free trapped hydrocarbons from the Athabasca tar sands. Operation Carryall was to cut a swath through the Bristol Mountains in order to realign the Santa Fe Railroad and create a path for a new interstate highway. Multiple operations were planned in order to aid the construction of waterways, such as a second interoceanic sea lane on the model of the Panama Canal. Operation Ketch would have been used to create a massive underground rock chimney in which to store pressurized natural gas. Operation Sloop would have fractured a bed of copper ore in order to facilitate its subsequent mining. Operation Aquarius is given as having been designed to instigate aquifer modification and to promote water resource management. Project Chariot was a proposal to simultaneously detonate five nuclear devices, so as to create an instantaneous artificial harbor along the coast of Alaska. Many of these tests were coordinated with public American businesses, mostly those in the fields of mining and petrochemicals.

In addition to these goals, each of the Project Plowshare shots was monitored using the same instruments as were assigned to any American nuclear test. Much of the information produced in this way was used as the knowledge base from which sprang the Vela Uniform system. This is one of the three elements of Project Vela, which was an American-controlled effort to monitor international compliance with the Partial Test Ban Treaty. Vela Uniform is the element dealing with the detection of subterranean nuclear explosions, whether or not the test is designed to be clandestine. The other elements of the project are Vela Sierra and Vela Hotel, which deal with

atmospheric and extra-atmospheric detonations respectively. The calibration of the monitoring instruments used in these efforts, specifically in Vela Uniform, would have been impossible without the data provided by the Plowshares explosions. As it was the proper preparation of the system required additional testing in the form of seven underground tests conducted from 1963 to 1971. Most took place at the Nevada Test Site, though Project Shoal was conducted beneath Gote Flat in central Nevada. Project Dribble's two shots were conducted inside the Tatum Salt Dome in southwest Mississippi, and Project Longshot was conducted on the Alaskan island Amchitka, part of the Aleutian chain.

Project Vela has proven itself to be one of the most worthwhile results of such peaceful nuclear explosions. Besides providing confirmatory data on all subsequent nuclear detonations, it allowed for the detection of the so-called Vela Incident of 1979. It was a Vela satellite which detected the signature double flash of a nuclear explosion in the Atlantic Ocean south of South Africa. Some people dispute the nuclear nature of the observed phenomena, no country or force has claimed responsibility for the test, and most information concerning the incident remains classified. Regardless of these controversies it is still entirely due to the existence of Project Vela that the event was observed at all, and it is due entirely to such inoffensive nuclear testing that Project Vela was able to be birthed.

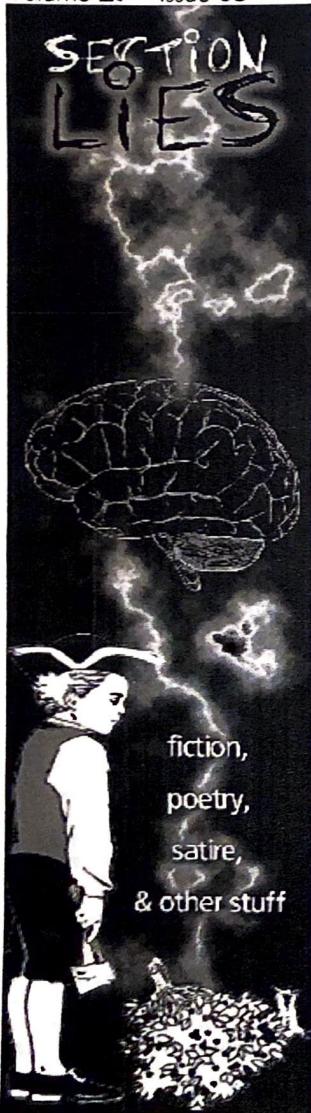
The commercial goals behind certain Project Plowshare events were similar to those purported to be the motivating forces behind the two Soviet programs entitled Employment

of Nuclear Explosive Technologies in the Interests of National Economy (Program 6) and Peaceful Nuclear Explosions for the National Economy (Program 7). 156 tests occurred under these headings, many of which included the detonation of multiple warheads. They were employed for similar reasons as the American devices: stimulation of oil production, excavation, seismic sounding in search of exploitable mineral deposits, ore-breaking, creation of heavy elements for harvesting, water reservoir and dam construction. Six additional detonations were hastily executed in attempts to curb explosions in poorly-managed Soviet natural gas fields. 20 total kilotonnes were created in order to safely dispose of unrelated toxic wastes by obliteration.

It can therefore be seen that the results of the detonations of nuclear devices may be creative as well as destructive. Such destruction as may be unleashed on the battlefield is of great (though not unlimited) military utility, but such destruction when focused without such belligerent intent is not without function. All things may be judged by man upon their beauty. When a thing created by the hand of man is able to be observed or experienced sensually, it is called Art. Nuclear devices produce more than simple furthering of utilitarian goals. They produce more than simple figurative expressions to be quantified and compared within lengthy tables. They produce sensually stimulating experiences unlike any others. They are Art, and ought to be judged as such.

*Stay tuned next week
for Part Two of FALLOUT
AESTHETICS*





Recommended music: Secret of Monkey Island.mp3, download [here](#)

Mod 0 Newsletter

Vol. I, Issue I

Mod 0 bends the knee to Aaron Evans-Janes for his score of bananas and oranges. Once we poured nerds into jalapeño-cheddar dipping sauce and shoveled it down our gullets upon Oreos. It was wretched fare, intended to be the last of its type. Would that we were as strong as you, sir.

Mod 0 scorns Crystal Hodges who continues to talk while we're trying to watch *Lost*.

Calling on.... Aaron Evans-James, Tyrone Sandoval, Andy Berquist. You will be intimately wined and dined at any time. Contact 413 253 0610 ASAP.

Personals:

D.T. Roark seeks lesbian orgiastic bliss
1 girl seeks bacchanal, thrill kill etc., tall-dark-handsome a must
20 year old male seeks dance partner, plane ticket to Dubai. inquire within.
other 20 year old msle seek gurl to corect typos

iBay Enterprises, is now accepting Books That You Do Not Want. They will be sold online and you get paid in CA\$H. Testimonials provided upon request. Contact 253 0610

TIRED OF WITHERED CORN SYRUP LOAVES AT SAGA AND THE INCESSANT SELF RIGHTEOUS CONVERSATION OF YOUR MURMURING MOD MATES? **CALL 413 253 0610 ASAP** IF YOU BRING A GOOD LIST OF JOKES, STORIES, SCAM IDEAS, AND WAX COATED BOXES YOU WILL BE ENTERTAINED IN TURN, AND DINNER WILL BE PROVIDED AND A HUMAN TUMBLER BROUGHT FORTH FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT. LIMIT ONE COUPON (THIS IS THE CUOPN) PER PERSON PER MONTH. IF QUARTERS FOR THE NIGHT ARE DESIRED, YOU ARE WELCOME TO SLEEP IN THE BASEMENT AT YOUR OWN RISK OF CHUCK'S RAUCOUS CROWING AND CRUEL TALONS! A SPLENDID FIRE WILL FOLLOW DINNER, SO BRING THINGS YOU WISH TO FORGET ABOUT.

[by Thrash, Lufkin, Krus, Aiken-Drake, Tomlinson, Strock and Roark]

Newsbrief:

we went into the night,)into the night ***** turkish batinto the h

It was awesome

Happily, citizenship between Mod Zero and the nation of Devistan is now fluid.

At 8 o'clock a dog ran into Tony's car. A guy said, "It went behind that house." So we went to the house and in the backyard there was a man with his hands in his pants. I said, "I think we hit your dog." Except the dog was in the house the whole time. Then Josiah stepped in a vast puddle and his shoe didn't even get wet.

Today in Devistan:

It was confirmed today that this great nation, whose borders are constantly in flux, lies in the Northern Hemisphere.

Today in Mod 0:

Today was the Mod trip to the center of the Earth. It was hot and I lost my sweater on the bus. On the bus I had to sit next to Tony. Tony thought it would be funny to tie our lunch bags to a long length of floss his mom makes him bring to school. We dangled them out the window and when a big truck went by, they got pulled out by the wind. They entangled a pedestrian's legs, who stumbled and was crushed beneath the bus. It made it so that we didn't even get to the Center of the Earth, because we had to notify N.O.K.. In any case the bag lunches weren't entirely ruined, just liberally sauced with ichor. In addition, Adam Strock, the only Mod 0 resident practically nobody knows since he just moved to Amherst, has just beat The Secret of Monkey Island! Come introduce yourself; he is lonely.
253-0610 am + pm

[Deep Spawn appears at Hampshire Halloween, wreaks havoc, and leaves Hampshire in ruins](#)

The wrath of Deep Spawn on the night of Hampshire Halloween was one felt by all of Hampshire... possibly the galaxy. Four colonies were paved on Hampshire campus



by the 6/6 trample, yet only one survivor remains. "...I don't believe in national boundaries. Deep Spawn creates only poverty..." states the lone Native to Deepspawnia, an area formerly known as the Prescott gazebo. Although many theories exist about Deepspawn's current whereabouts... one witness to the entire rampage remains convinced. "The moon! The moon! I saw him there!" states a shackled Devin Roark.

ALERT! HIGHLY CONTSGIOUS OUTBREAK SWEEPS MOD 0!

A new strand of submonia has swept Mod 0. It is said to be caused by oregano seasoning, has an incubation period of about 1 hour, and lasts approx. 20 seconds. To explain further: today in NoHo, Tony was snarfing on some of his favorite, mega-slice, Mimos pizza, when suddenly he began to choke and sputter convulsively! The coughing was proved to be directly related to Mimo's oregano seasoning. Amused with his eating companion's discomfort, Josiah laughed, only to be seized randomly by the choke and sputter symptoms later that night! Beware OREGANO!

NUB OUT OF THE WEEK: Ruby alias Furniture alias Chrysoberyl alias PayPal alias the cat, who jumped onto a windowsill, which she immediately fell off of, and was promptly crushed by 2 falling flower pots which she knocked over, filling my bed with DIRT

["Nutmeg! Nutmeg! Nutmeg! Nutmeg!" is no longer just used to just make pastries anymore Grandma Susan.](#)

"Nutmeg" the new hip song, is now a key ingredient to dance floors and riots world wide, and a healthy

psyche. "The kids just love nutmeg!" says record executive David Crumbath, who first heard the song when he called Mod 0 and heard it on the answering machine. In other news the trance-enducing smash hit has been cited by top psychologists to cure patients of the hive mind. Call 253-0610, day or night, to hear this phenomenal tune.

Suggested offerings to Mod 0:

LAMINATION PAPER

LIGHTERS

STAMPS

WAX BOXES

offerings accepted at box #1545 Hampshire College. You will be rewarded with fine dining and provisional Satellite Member status + perks. You want this

Is Charlie the Chicken's Cock-a-doodle-doo a Cock-a-doodle-don't?

All seemed well when the chickens Charlie and Henrietta arrived at Mod 0 on Sunday October 29th, until 5:15 A.M. Monday morning when Charlie started crowing. "I laughed and Devin said stop laughing, bitch," says Frances alias Magnolia Thrash regarding Chuck's rude awakening. "Felix also laughed. Devin did not laugh.... I'd say I was laughing for about an hour." This remained completely unanticipated by the residents of Mod 0. "It's sort of annoying but endearing." Others slightly disagree, "I think it's beautiful, but I never have to hear it," admits David Tomlinson, one of the Mod's more prominent satellite members. So is Charlie's crowing a cock-a-doodle-doo or a cock-a-doodle-don't? "Don't" states the once laughing Felix Lufkin. When asked, "Do you still laugh when you hear the crowing?" Felix stated simply, "No."

Required Reading:

Nightmare: "Speak, Beast, if you would be SPARED. Whom do you serve?"

Blue Creature: "Roast me on the FIRE, I'll not tell"

Nightmare: "Not afraid of Fire? What, pray tell, does this devouring deep TRULY fear?"

Blue Creature: "NO! MERFOLK ASSASSINS! NOT

THEM!--- STOP."

poem:

try some of this - is it yeast - wag finger hither - O it's maple its froth warms lips - who is that? reading bleeding beet.

Mod Zero-in SPOTLIGHT of the week: an interview with Felix Lufkin

-Felix, what do you think about all day?

next week, last week. it is truly gruesome now that i forced to put it on paper



-R U OK?

laa, ana faalan maridh. phycosomatic spiders, etc.

-Felix, what is the most revolting thing you've ever seen?

a kid threw up on the bus one time, i came close myself

-Who do you wish had seen instead of you? Or do you live a life with no regrets.

all my enemies saw it anyway. to answer the second question, i wish I did, but what immediately comes to mind are the 15 gold pieces I parted ways with last day to fill my horseless carriage with dinosaur juice, WTF!

-Thrash, Lufkin, Krus, Aiken-Drake, Tomlinson, Strock and Roark

**personals-Edited
by Victoria Quine****Foxy HIV+**

Anal Spankings and Bondage
GWM ISO PM for SM. I want you to spank me while I'm tied to the ceiling. Body builders a plus. I'm eager and willing, you bring the leather. #857205

Make Me Your Large Woman**Cream Puff**

58 280 clean redhead TV loves pastries and dessert, especially cream pie. Looking for a good meal topped with your very own whipped cream. #759274

Talented Cocksman

GJM ISO advanced partner(s) willing to cross swords. #018593

Teen Cutie Seeks Granny Love

18 yr old M ISO older BBW mistress for OTK, B&D on a regular basis. Must be discreet. #528501

Unload on My Wife

BILTRC ISO MPH or B. She loves feces on her tits and throat, he loves to cum on her face. Be ready to shit and cum at frequent house parties. #710953

SDH Fucking

Safe and clean, D&D, seeking humorous passion. Can you crack a joke? Can you straddle my face? You won't be disappointed. Call me, let's talk (and more)! #982349

Foxy HIV+

HIV+ L, but that doesn't mean I can't fuck like an animal! Let's spread the love. Seeking Bi/LF and I+ guy(s) to watch and maybe help. #178359

Seeking B DOM Master

Outspoken, intelligent, outgoing, confident F ISO abusive B&D BM to put me in my place. Make me your demure slave of society. #651895

Golden Showers

Calling all squirters & golden! Cum play with me! Seeking all F, friends welcome too. Available anytime. #872487

Shit Faced

Looking for single, adventurous women to help me masturbate into my own feces and then eat it with me. No Jews, blacks, or spics. #102834

Petrificus Totalus

Shaggy haired brunette M ISO blond, blue eyed, caustic M. You be Draco, I'll be Harry. Bring your wand and I'll show you magic. #867409

Zombie Lust

Zombie want fuck. Now. #111111

Holocunt

JF, black curly hair, dark eyes, kosher, ISO anti-Semitic to be my Hitler master. Mustache a plus. The abuse

>> the Omen Abbreviation Guide! <<

A	Asian	G	Gay	OTK	Over the Knee
B	Black	H	Hispanic	OS	Omen Staff
BBW	Big Beautiful Women	ISO	In Search Of	P	Professional
B&D	Bondage and Discipline	J	Jewish	S	Single
Bi	Bisexual	L	Lesbian	SM	Sadism/Masochism
C	Couple	LTR	Long-Term Relationship	SDH	Sense of Humor
D	Divorced	M	Married or Male	TS	Transsexual
D&D	Disease/Drug Free	ND	No Drink/Drugs	TV	Transvestite
F	Female	NS	Non-Smoking	W	White

on my body must make Auschwitz look like summer camp. I want it all, unless it's food, respect, love, affection, kindness, or even simple recognition of my humanity. #840197

M Seeks One Night Stand

We had sex last night, and I don't know your name and you took most of my stuff with you. I'm stocky and handsome with roguish charm and I think you have blue eyes. We met at the Gorilla Bar on Saturday. Can we meet up again? #486921

F Thanks One Night Stand

I'm your fucking wife, you drunken fatass. I took all *my* shit with me because I'm leaving you. How about instead of searching for disease ridden whores you get a fucking job and contribute to the family?! Take a fucking shower and get the fuck out of my house. By the way, I have brown eyes. Fucker. #486921

ISO [Name]. Where have you been all my life?

I last saw you in page 2 of The Omen Volume 27, Issue 3, and third paragraph in the editorial. #871561

A Sale of Two Titties

ISO customer willing to buy my roommate's tits. Rental not available, I'll consider leasing. Reasonable pricing. Serious offers only, please! #901800

Princess Gertrude

[by Chris Semple]

Once upon a time, there was a princess in a castle somewhere in a remote land. Her name was Gertrude. No one likes a Gertrude though. It's such a boring name. Despite having perfect teeth, because her name was Gertrude, everyone assumed her teeth were boring and brown.

Sir Jollyboots would remark to his son, Sir Jinkydean, "Son, you should go after that Gertrude. I hear she is trapped in a castle, not at all far away" To which the son would reply, "Why would I go after her, father? Her name is Gertrude, and she is boring. She has a boring name, and boring teeth, and I'm sure she has a most boring personality. I don't believe I could ever carry on a conversation with a Gertrude"

It wasn't true, though, that she had a boring personality. Gertrude would wake up every morning, precisely at 8 o'clock, and read her book 1,000 Ways to Start and Carry a Conversation Through to Marriage. She wasn't blind to her namesake; she realized her name was Gertrude, and that many people thought of her as boring as a result. It was because of this self-observant nature of hers that compelled her to begin reading the book in the first place. It originally resided on the tenth shelf up from the bottom of her bookcase, but now it spent all its time on her desk, alone, with not a fellow book companion to keep it company or to reminisce with it about the good old times on the bookshelf.

"If only someone would come and meet me in person" Gertrude would

think to herself at night, before falling asleep, "then they would see that I am an excellent conversationalist. I would talk them up the walls that surround me on all sides, and talk to them as they rescued me from this horrid place, and talk to them in ways that would make them never want to listen to anyone else. Oh, if only someone would come here, then they'd see!"

In the next township over, was a cobbler named Jeremiah. One morning, Jeremiah had the pleasure of waiting on one Sir Jollyboots and managed to find out about Gertrude, who resided in the single-spire castle. Jeremiah, hearing that Sir Jollyboots' son did not want to rescue the damsel-in-distress, decided that perhaps this was his chance to do good to his family name. That night, Jeremiah told his son, Timothy, about Gertrude. "Son! I heard just today that there is a fair maiden trapped in the single-spire castle that stands not one township over from ours. You should save her and marry her, and do our family good. Do this for us and you will bring fortune and honor to the name Diddendum."

The son sighed and replied, "Father, I know this girl of which you speak. She is no fair maiden, she is a damsel-in-distress, and further more, her name is Gertrude. Why would you subject your son to such a life for such selfish reasons? Her name is Gertrude!" The father was shocked, and after a brief pause said, "Oh. I hadn't caught that part."

One township over, Gertrude continued to wait, with baited breath, reading her lonely book day after day.

The book, though glad to be read, still longed for his friends on the shelf. He would reach out to them as best he could (which wasn't much) and they would reach back towards him as much as they could (which also wasn't very much). The days when Gertrude would pace back and forth in front of the bookshelf were the worst of the days, because the book felt as though he could almost reach his friends. It was these days that the book would imagine what would happen if Gertrude walked only slightly closer. Perhaps he would finally be able to hoist himself quickly back into the shelf and hide amongst his book friends, until at last he was left alone to be with them once again.

Gertrude never walked close enough though, and the book never made it quite close enough to get home. The books would all cry invisible, dry book tears on these days.

"Oh why won't anyone just walk by this place?" Gertrude said aloud, slamming her book on the table. "If only someone would even come close to this place, I would shout my conversation at them. Then they'd come. They'd hear me and come, because I was so good at conversation. They'd ask me my name then, I'm sure of it, but it wouldn't be time to tell them yet. No, no, I could keep talking. I'm sure that I could weasel out of that one with my learning. Maybe one day, when I'm happily married, I'd finally tell him. We'd laugh, because such a boring name wouldn't be expected to go along with such conversation skills.

Yes, we'd laugh, and have tea! If only someone would come by. Why does no one ever come by except San Pedro, the deaf gardener?" And it was true, no one did come by except San Pedro, who had been hired by Gertrude's evil step-mother specifically because he was deaf. By this time, Gertrude had fully mastered her book, and only read it out of nervous habit as she sat by the westward window waiting for someone, anyone, to walk by.

Seasons passed, years passed, and still no one, least of all Sir Jinkydean and Jimothy, came by the single-spire castle. With the passage of time, the evil stepmother, (who was in actuality not so evil, but a well meaning stepmother who only wanted to make her stepdaughter appear more appealing) aged, grew senile, and died, forgetting that her stepdaughter had yet to be whisked away from her tower. Her father having died years ago, after the death of her stepmother, no one was around to pay the bills for Gertrude's food or San Pedro's services. Soon, Gertrude had neither food to eat, nor deaf gardener to watch and madly scold.

It took a week before Gertrude noticed that she had no food, being too wrapped up in her task of locating the proper page in her book to summon someone, anyone, to come by the tower. When at last Gertrude finally noticed her hunger, she began to eat the useless books that inhabited her shelves, all the while, still scouring her book for that elusive page. People cannot subsist without water, and they most certainly cannot subsist on pulp either; and so Gertrude died one week after that day she noticed her hunger. It was a Tuesday. She collapsed onto the ground in a fit of convulsions at precisely 3:52 PM, her signature book

sliding forth out of her hand towards the shelf, once full, now half empty. No one had ever come to visit, let alone save poor Gertrude.

The book came loose from the wench's hands, and flew towards its remaining compatriots on the bookshelf. Such glee and happiness filled the heart of the book - or whatever one would consider the heart of a book - as he neared the shelf, but gravity, a cruel mistress, would not be without her role in the book's affairs. A quick

and even tugging worked on the book as he flew towards the shelf, and he fell short just one and one-half inches short of the shelf. The book reached for his friends as best he could, and his body hurt though he made no progress in reaching the shelf. His remaining friends also reached out towards him until their bodies were in pain, but they as well did not make any progress in reaching their friend. The book began to cry his invisible, dry tears. He cried because he would never make it back home, and he cried for his eaten friends.



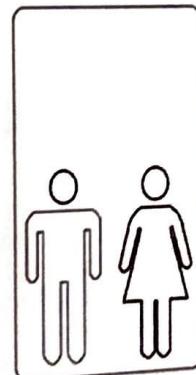
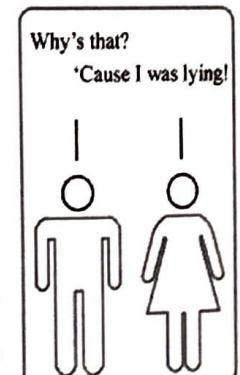
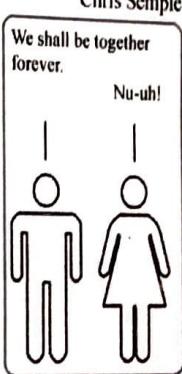
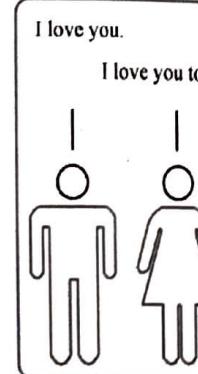
theOmen

Section Lies • • •

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Volume 27 • Issue 05

Bathroom Humor



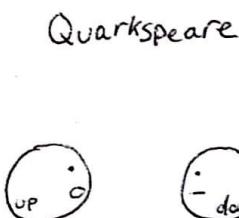
Chris Semple

I COULD NEVER GET THE HANG OF THURSDAYS

[A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams*]

[by Rachel Rakov]

Ah, readers. Consider yourselves fortunate: it was just this morning that I had decided to write my column on my utter lack of ability to come up with things to write columns about. Despite having a month to come up with new column content, I had hit a dry patch of creativity and wit and had almost decided to give up my column and try my hand at a new hobby, perhaps something like fly-fishing. And then, just before the end-all-be-all deadline, the point of no return, the point wherein if you haven't thought of something by then you will not have enough time to both come up with an idea but also execute it and write the damn column, inspiration struck. And oddly enough, it struck in the form of a cartoon, specifically, a cartoon lacking in humor. And so, today's column will focus on that odd little cartoon, and its lack of humor. And I have duplicated the cartoon for you, which can be found just below this line.



Why This Cartoon Is Not Funny

1.) To begin with, this cartoon has content that is very obscure. Sure, students learn about quarks in their tenth grade chemistry class, but who remembers them? More importantly, who remembers that quarks have qualities such as up and down? Nobody. My guess is that virtually nobody 'gets' this cartoon. (Well, perhaps science students get it, but they're virtually nobody anyway.)

2.) The title is not clever. Combining the word "Quark" with the word "Shakespeare" is a cheap way of ensuring that an audience will understand that those little circles represent quarks (which is obviously not made clear by the labels of 'up' and 'down' as we have previously established) and will recognize the quote as Shakespearian. Which leads me to my next point.

3.) The quote is incorrect. The proper Shakespearian quote is "We are such stuff as dream are made on and our little life / Is rounded with a sleep..." It is from 'The Tempest', and it occurs in Act IV, Scene I, pp. 156-157. Now, shortening a quote is not usually problematic, but altering the quote and still trying to pass it off as valid is a bit of a stretch, especially for a joke that is too much of a stretch already. (I suppose "We are such stuff as atoms are made on" is grammatically incorrect,

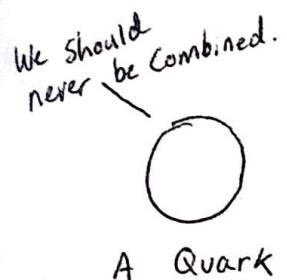
but nevertheless, it remains a bit of a stretch. Which reminds me; atoms are only sort of made of quarks. Technically, protons and neutrons are made of quarks, and atoms are made of protons and neutrons, and electrons. I feel this needs to be mentioned, although it only vaguely relates to the general inaccuracy of this cartoon.)

And finally....

4.) The drawing itself is not good. There is no way of identifying those quarks as *quarks*. Perhaps the addition of some other circular characters labeled things like 'strange', 'bottom' or 'charm' would help. Or even this: creating facial features for the quarks might add to the general wit of the cartoon (say, if the 'up' quark was smiling and the 'down' quark was frowning, instead of being labeled.)

In order to generally improve moral, I decided to create my own cartoon that might rectify the situation of this drastically un-humorous cartoon, which I shall insert here for your viewing pleasure.

How this cartoon
could be improved.



Sure, it's still not funny, but at least it makes sense.

*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov, who is still having difficulty with those damn boxes in her word processing program. All comments, questions and quark jokes can be directed to her.

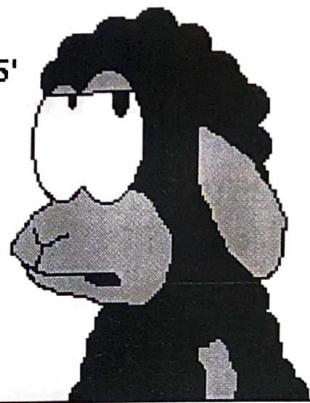
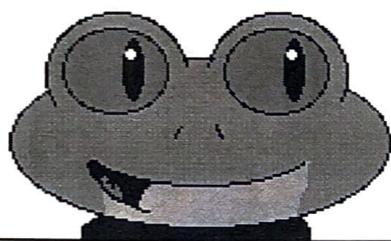


BLACK SHEEP & FROG

...On Geekdom

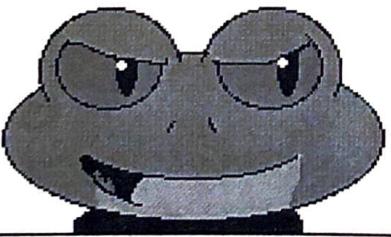
YOU MISSED IT!
I MADE IT TO THE LAST
ROUND IN DEATHFEST!

PPFT... YOU PLAY D&D?
WHY DON'T YOU GO
LIVE IN YOUR PARENTS'
BASEMENT?



HEY, DON'T YOU
LIVE IN YOUR PARENTS'
BASEMENT?

I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T
CATCH THAT.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY
NOT SUCKING SO MUCH?



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN